

The GENUINE .

Grub = Street O P E R A.

As it was intended to be Acted at the

NEW THEATRE

IN THE

HAT-MARKET.

Written by SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

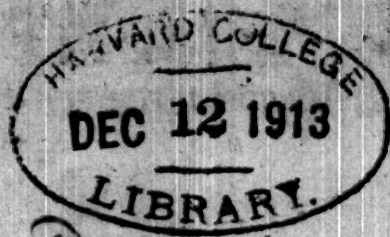
Nom.	<i>Hic, hac, hoc.</i>
Gen.	<i>Hujus.</i>
Dat.	<i>Huius.</i>
Acc.	<i>Hunc, hanc, hoc.</i>
Voc.	<i>Caret.</i>

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold for the Benefit of the Comedians of the NEW THEATRE in the *Hay-market.*

M D C C X X X I .

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]



Taylor fund



THE
INTRODUCTION.

SCRIBLERUS *and the* MASTER *of the*
Playhouse.

MASTER.



VERY much approve the
good Judgment and Humour you
have shewn in your Choice of a
Title, *viz. The Grubstreet Opera.*

SCRIBLERUS.

I hope, Sir, it will recommend me to that
learned Society; for they like nothing but
what is most indisputably their own,

MASTER,

I assure you it recommends you to me,
and will, I hope, to the Town.

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SCRIBLERUS.

It would be impolitick in you, who are a young Beginner, to oppose that Society, which the establish'd Theatres so professedly favour: Besides, you see, the Town are always on its Side; for, alack-a-day, Sir, I would not have you think all the Members of that Body confined to the *Street* they take their Name from: No, no, Sir, the Rules of *Grubstreet* are as extensive as the Rules of the *King's Bench*. We have them of all Degrees and Orders—and it is no more a Wonder to see our Members in Ribbands, than in Rags.

MASTER,

No one, I dare swear, disputes the Interest of *Grubstreet*; but, methinks, it is Pity your Society doth not hang nearer together; that you copy Wits in their worst Part, and pull one another to Pieces as you do, especially in your political Pamphlets,

SCRIBLERUS.

Why those are all of our Society, it's true: But, alas! you mistake Altercation or Scolding a little in Jest, for quarrelling in Earnest—Sir, was you ever at *Westminster Hall*?

MASTER,

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MASTER.

Often, Sir,

SCRIBLERUS.

Did you never hear our People scold there?

MASTER.

I have heard the Lawyers.

SCRIBLERUS.

The Lawyers! Why those are our People; there hath long been the strictest Union between *Grubstreet* and the Law; thus our Politicians are as good Friends as our Lawyers, behind the Curtain; they scold and abuse one another in the Persons of their Masters and Clients, and then very friendly get drunk together over their Booty—Our People no more quarrel in Earnest, than they quarrel with Civility—Why, Sir, you might as well suppose *Robin* and *Will* in my *Opera*, to be in Earnest,

MASTER.

Why, Faith, they abuse one another so heartily that I scarce knew, at the Rehearsal, whether they were in Earnest or in Jest.

SCRIBLE-

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SCRIBLERUS.

'Ay, have I not wrought up that Altercation Scene to the Height?—Let *Grubstreet* alone for that. With what Spirit do *Robin* and *Will* rap out the Lie at one another, for half a Page together?—And let me tell you, Sir, the whole Wit of *Grubstreet* lies in these two Words-----
You Lie.

MASTER,

Which sufficiently proves the whole State of Politicks to lie in *Grubstreet*.

SCRIBLERUS.

'Ay, ay, Sir, every thing lies in *Grubstreet*.

MASTER,

I wonder, considering your Interest, you do not obtain some Privileges for your Society.

SCRIBLERUS.

It will not be, Sir, it will not be; *Grubstreet*, like Virtue, must reward it self; for, whatever Interest we have in other Societies—we have none in the Parliament House.

MASTER.

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MASTER.

But I believe, Sir, it is now Time to see what Interest you have in this House.

SCRIBLERUS.

With all my Heart, I will speak half a Dozen of Lines to the Audience, and wait upon you, immediately.

*Our Author does, in humble Scenes, produce
Examples, fitted to your private Use.
Teaches each Man to regulate his Life,
By governing his Servants and his Wife;
Teaches that Servants will their Masters chouse,
That Wives will ride their Husbands round the House;
Teaches that Jealousy does oft arise,
Because Mens Sense is dimmer than their Eyes.
Teaches young Gentlemen do oft pursue
More Women than they well know how to woo;
Teaches that pious Women oft do groan
For sake of their Religion, when they've none;
Teaches that Parsons teach us the right Way,
And, when we err, we mind not what they say;
Teaches that Virtue is the Maid's best Store:
Teaches all these, and teaches nothing more.*

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Owen ap Shinkin, a Welch Knight, in love with Tobacco.	Mr. Furnival.
Squire Owen, his Son, in love with Molly.	Mr. Stopler.
Parson Puzzle-Text, his Chaplain.	Mr. Reynolds.
Robin, the Butler, in love with Sweetissa.	Mr. Mullart.
John, the Coachman, his Friend, in love with Betty.	Mr. Hallam.
William, the Groom, Ene- my to Robin, in love with Susan.	Mr. Jones.
Thomas the Gardiner, his Friend, in love with Margery.	Mr. Dove.
Apsbones, a Tenant of Sir Owen's, and Father to Molly.	Mr. Walker.

W O M E N.

Lady ap Shinkin.	Mrs. Jones.
Molly, in love with Squire Owen.	Miss Vaughan.
Sweetissa, in love with Robin.	Mrs. Nokes.
Susan, in love with William.	Mrs. Mullart.
Margery, in love with Thomas.	Mrs. Lacy.
Betty, in love with John.	Mrs. Furnival.

SCENE Wales. Either North or South;



THE
GRUB-STREET
OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sir Owen's House, Table and Chairs.

Sir Owen and Puzzletext smoaking.

Sir Owen.



COME Mr. *Puzzletext*, it's your Glasse
—let's make an End of our Break-
fast before Madam is up.— Oh
Puzzletext, what a fine Thing it is
for a Man of my Estate to stand in
fear of his Wife, that I dare not get
drunk so much as once a Day, without being call'd
to Account for it.

B

Puz.

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Puz. Petticoat Government is a very lamentable thing indeed—— but it is the Fate of many an honest Gentleman.

AIR I. (A lusty young Smith.)

*What a wretched Life
Leads a Man who has a Tyrant Wife,
While for each small Fault he's corrected,
One Bottle makes a Sot,
One Girl is ne'er forgot;
And Duty is always neglected;
But tho' nothing can be worse
Than this, feel Domestick Curse.
Some Comfort this must do you,
So vast are the Hen-peck'd Bands,
That each Neighbour may shake Hands,
With my humble Service to you.*

SCENE II.

Sir Owen, Lady and Puzzletext.

Lady. At your Morning's Draught, Sir Owen, I find, according to Custom: Methinks, you Mr. *Puzzletext*, should not encourage Drunkenness.

Puz. I ask your Ladyship's Pardon, I profess I have scarce drank your Health this Morning—— and Wine, while it contributes only to the cheering of the Spirits, is not forbidden us. I'm an Enemy to Excess—— but as far as the second Bottle, and to some Constitutions a third, it is no doubt allowable. And I do remember to have preach'd with much Perspicuity even after a fourth.

Lady. Oh intolerable! do you call four Bottles no Excess.

Puz.

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Puz. To some it may, but to others 'tis not, Excess dependeth not on the Quantity that is drank, but on the Quality of him that drinketh.

Lady. I don't understand this Sophistry, but I think I have some Skill in Divinity.

Puz. Oh Madam! no one more—your Ladyship's the Honour of your Sex in that Study—and may properly be term'd the *Great Welch Lamp of Divinity*.

Lady. I have always had an Inclination to serve the Church, and some other Time should be very glad to dispute with you concerning Excess; but at present I must impart something concerning my Son, whom I have observ'd too familiar with the Maids.—

Puz. Which of the Maids, Madam, not one of my Mistresses I hope. [*Aside.*]

Lady. Truly with all of them; and unless we prevent it, I'm afraid we shall hear of a Marriage not much to our liking. And you know, Mr. *Puzzletext*, how hard a thing it would be for us, who have but one Child, if he shou'd throw himself away.

Puz. What Methods shall we take in Order thereto?

Lady. I know but one— We must prevent this Marriage, by marrying them to others: We have as many Men as Maids; now I rely on you to match them up to one another; whilst there is one unmarried Wench in the House, I shall think him in Danger. Oh! Mr. *Puzzletext*, the Boy takes after his Father, not me; his Head's full of nothing but Love, for whatever Nature hath done for him another way, she has left his Head unfurnish'd.

Puz. Love in a young Mind is powerful indeed,

AIR 2. (Lads of Dunce.)

*If Love gets into a Soldier's Heart,
He puts off his Helmet, his Bow and his Dart;
Achilles charm'd with a Nymph's fair Eye,
A Distaff took, and his Truncheon laid by.*

*The gay Gods of old their Heaven would quit,
And leave their Ambrosia for mortal tit Bit;
The first of that Tribe, that old Whore-Master Jove,
Preferr'd to all Heavens the Heaven of Love.*

Lady. Five of the Maids I think you have already ask'd in Church, and I believe you will find no great Difficulty to prevail on the others. This, I assure you, I shall not forget the Favour; I am now going to take a short airing in the Park in my Chaise —— and would have you remember we have no Time to loose. *[exit.*

Puz. Well, Sir, you heard what my Lady says—— What shall I do?

Squire Ap. E'en what she commands, if she interereth not with my Pipe, I am resolv'd not to interfere with the Family; let her govern while I smoke. *[Exit.*

Puz. Upon my Word the Squire is a thorough Epicurean Philosopher, I must now seek the young Squire, who is a Philosopher of another Kind.

SCENE III.

Squire Owen solus—with two Letters.

This is the Day wherein our Robin and Sweetissa propose to be married, which unless I can prevent, I lose all my Hopes of her; For when once a Wo-
man

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man knows what's what, she knows too much for me—— Sure never Man was so put to it in his Amours——for I don't care to venture on a Woman after another; nor does any Woman care for me twice.

AIR 3. (Bid the Drawer fetch clean Glasses.)

*How curst the puny Lover,
How exquisite the Pain,
When Love is fumbld over
To view the Fair's Disdain.
But Oh! how vast's the Blessing!
When to her Bosom pressing,
She whispers while caressing.
Oh! when shall we again——again!
Oh when shall we meet again.*

Here are two Letters which I have forg'd, one is from Susan to Robin, the other from William to Sweetissa; these must be drop'd where they may be found by the improper Parties, and will create a Jealousy, whereof I may reap the Fruit, and Sweetissa's Maidenhead may be my own.

SCENE IV.

Puzzletext and Squire Owen.

Puz. Mr. Owen, I have been searching you, I am come, Child, to give you some good Instructions—— I am sorry to hear you have an Intention to disgrace your Family by a Marriage inferior to your Birth.

Owen. Do not trouble your Head with my Marriage, good Mr. Parson. When I marry, 'twill be to please my self——not you.

Puz.

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Puz. But let it not be such a Marriage as may reflect upon your Understanding. Consider, Sir, consider who you are.

AIR 4. (*March in Scipio.*)

*Think, mighty Sir, think e'er you are undone,
Think who you are, Apshenkin's only Son.
At Oxford you have been, at London eke also,
You're almost half a Man, and more than half a
Beau.*

*Oh! do not, Sir, disgrace the great Actions of your
Life,
Nor let Apshenkin's Son be buried in his Wife.*

Puz. You must govern your Passions, Master Owen.

Owen. You may preach, Mr. Parson, but I shall very little regard you: There is nothing so ridiculous as to hear an old Fellow railing at Love.

Puz. It is like a young Fellow railing at Age.
Owen. Or a Courtier out of Place at Court.

AIR 5. (*Tho' I cannot.*)

*The worn-out Rake at Pleasure rails,
And cries 'tis all idle and fleeting;
At Court the Man whose Interest fails,
Cries all is Corruption and Cheating.*

*But wou'd you know,
Whence both these flow,
Tho' so much they pretend to abhor them,
That rails at Court,
This at Love's Sport,
Because they are neither fit for them,
fit for 'em.*

Because, &c.

Ow. Besides, Doctor, I fancy you have not always govern'd your own Passions, tho' you are so fond

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fond of Correcting others, as a Poet burlesques the Nonsense of others, whilst he writes greater Nonsense himself.

Puz. Or as a Prude corrects the Vices of others, while she is more vicious herself.

Ow. Or, as a Parson preaches against Drinking, and then goes to the Ale-house.

Puz. Very true—if you mean a *Presbyterian* Parson.

AIR. 6. (One Evening having lost my way.)

*I've heard a Non-con Parson preach
'Gainst Whoring with a just disdain,
Whilst he himself to be naught did teach,
Of Females as large a Train
As Stars in Sky, or Lamps in Street,
Or Beauties in the Mall we meet.
Or as—or as—or as
Or as Whores in Drury-Lane.*

Ow. Thy Similes are all Froth, like bottled Ale—and it is as difficult to get thee out of a Simile as out of an Ale-house.

AIR 7. (Dutch Skipper.)

Puz. *The gaudy Sun adorning,
With brightest Rays the Morning,* *the Morning,*

*Shines o'er the Eastern Hill,
And I will go a Sporting,*

Ow. *And I will go a courting,* *A Courting.*

Puz. *There lies my Pleasure still
In Gaffer Woodford's Ground.
A brushing Hare is found;
A Course which Kings themselves might see.*
Ow.

Ow. *And in another Place,
There lies a bustling Lass,
Which will give ten times more Sport than she.*

(Second Part.)

Puz. *What Pleasure to see while the Greybounds
[are running,
Poor Puffy's cunning, and shifting, and shunnings;
To see with what Art she plays still her Part,
And leaves her Pursuers afar.
First this Way, then that,
First a Stretch, and then Squat,
'Till quite out of Breath,
She yields her to Death,*

Ow. *What Joys with the Sportsman's compare?
How Sweet to behold the soft blooming Lass,
With blushing Face, claspt close in Embrace;
To feel her Breasts rise-- see Joys fill her Eyes,
And glow on her Heaven of Charms.
Whilst sighing and whining,
And twisting and twining,
While kissing and pressing,
And fondest caressing,
With Raptures she dies in your Arms. [Ex.*

SCENE V.

Sweetissa and Margery.

Sweet. If every you had known what it was to love,
Margery, you would not have wonder'd how I
could prefer a Man to his Master.

Mar. I should not have wonder'd indeed, if your
young Squire had been like most young Country
Squires; but he's a fine Gentleman, *Sweetissa.*

Sweet.

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Sweet. From such fine Gentlemen, may my Stars deliver me, *Margery.*

Mar. Well, I suppose you are afraid of being made jealous, by his running after other Women.

Sweet. P'shaw, I should not think him worth being jealous of: He runs after every Woman he sees — and yet I believe scarce knows what a Woman is. — Either he has more Affection than Desire; or more Desire than Capacity. Oh! *Margery*, when I was in *London* with *Madam*, I have seen several such Sparks as these; some of them would attempt making Love too. — Nay, I have had such Lovers; but I cou'd never find one of them that would stand it out.

AIR. 8. (*Bessy Bell.*)

*In long Pig-tails, and shining Lace,
Our Beaux set out a Wooing;
The Widows never shew them grace,
But laugh at their pursuing.
But let the Daw that shines so bright,
Of borrow'd Plumes bereft be;
Alas! poor Dame — how naked's the sight,
You'll find there's nothing left ye.*

Oh! *Margery*, there's more in *Robin's* little Finger than in a *Beaux's* whole Body.

Mar. But does not your Conscience touch you to marry *Robin*, when you know what a Rogue he is, and how he has cheated *Master*.

Sweet. P'shaw, if we were not to marry Rogues, there is an end of all great Matches: It is to his Roguery he owes his Riches — And to his Riches he owes my Love.

AIR. 9. (Why shou'd not I Love my Love?)

Sweet. *Why should not I love Robin?*

And why should not Bob love me?

Mar. *While every one else he is fobbing,*

Do'st think he'll be honest to thee.

Sweet. *What tho' my Master he cheats,*

His Mistress shares what he gains;

And whilst I am tasting the sweets,

The Devil take her who complains.

Mar. *But should he be taken indeed,*

Ab! think what a shame it would be

To see your Love dragg'd out of Bed,

And then in a Cart to the Tree.

Sweet. *Let Halters tie up the poor Cheat,*

Who only deserves to be hang'd:

The Wit who can get an Estate,

Has still too much Wit to be hang'd.

SCENE VI

Robin and Sweetiffa.

AIR 10. (Masquerade Minuet.)

Rob. *Oh! my Sweetiffa,*

Give me a Kiss-a,

Of what a Bliss-a.

To behold your Charms,

My Eyes with gazing,

Are set a blazing.

Sweet. *Come then, and quench them within my Arms.*

Rob

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Rob. Oh! my *Sweetissa*, thou art straighter than the straightest Tree—Sweeter than the sweetest Flower—thy Hand is white as Milk, and as warm; thy Breast is as white as Snow, and as cold: Thou art, to sum thee up, at once, an Olio of Perfections, or in other words, a Garden of Bliss, which my Soul delights to walk in—Oh! I will take such Strides about thy form, such vast, such mighty Strides.

Sweet. Oh! *Robin*—it is impossible to tell thee how much I Love thee, as it is to tell—how much Water there is in the Sea.

Rob. My dear *Sweetissa*, had I the Learning of the Author of that *Opera* Book in the Parlour Window, I could not make a Simile to my Love.

Sweet. Be assur'd, there shall be no Love lost between us.

AIR. II. (Young *Damon* once.)

*When mutual Passion hath possess'd,
With equal Flame each amorous Breast.
How sweet's the rapturous Bliss?
While each with soft Contention strive,
Which highest extasies shall give,
Or be more mad with Bliss.*

Rob. Oh! my *Sweetissa*, how impatient am I till the Parson hath stitch'd us together, then my Dear, nothing but the Scissars of Fate should ever cut us asunder—adieu my Dear—I must go whet my Knives; by that time the Parson will be returned from Coursing—and we will be married this Morning—Oh! *Sweetissa*, it is easier to tell thee how much Water there is in the deepest Well, than to tell thee how I love.—

Sweet. Or to Fathom the depth of a Woman's Conscience than to tell thee mine.—

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Rob. Mine is as deep as the Knowledge of Physicians.——

Sweet. Mine as the Projects of Statesmen.

Rob. Mine as the Virtue of Whores.

Sweet. Mine as the Honesty of Lawyers.

Rob. Mine as the Generosity of an Usurer.

Sweet. Mine as the Piety of Priests.

Rob. Mine as——as——as I know not what.

A I R 12. (All in the Downs.)

*Would you have Love in Words display'd,
A Language must be coin'd to tell;
No Word for such a Passion made,
For no one ever lov'd so well.
Nothing, no nothing is like my Love for you;
And so my Dearest, and so my Dearest,
And, my Dear, adieu.*

S C E N E VII.

Sweetiffa and Margery.

Sweet. Oh! my *Margery*, if this Fit of Love continues, how happy shall I be?

Mar. I wou'd not have you build too much on the Promises which Men make before-hand; for a certain old Author says, Men are frail.

Sweet. Very true; but as the Poet says, There is a Difference in Men.

Mar. Still another Poet says, There are nine bad ones to one good one.

Sweet. Granting even that—— why may not mine be that Tythe-Sheep? In a Lottery, where there are nine Blanks to a Prize, every one expects that Prize for their own Ticket.

Mar.

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Mar. Love is indeed like a Lottery, because it draws us into an almost certain Loss, by the Allurement of uncertain Gain.— But then it is not like a Lottery, because in every thing else it is very unlike one.

Sweet. I take Love to be like a Mess of Pease Porridge, where, tho' there are some bad Pease, there are more good ones; but then it is unlike a Mess of Pease Porridge, because there is a difference between a Man and Pea; you may know a Pea by its outside, you can't a Man.

Mar. Love is like an Olio.

Sweet. Rather like a Dish of Soup-Meagre.

Mar. Not very unlike Potatoes.

Sweet. How!

Mar. Because People live mostly upon them in a Cottage.

Sweet. In short, it's like every thing.

Mar. And like nothing at all.

AIR 13, (Ye Nymphs and Sylvian Gods.)

Sweet. *How odd a thing is Love,*
Which the Poets fain wou'd prove
To be this and that,
And the Lord knows what;
Like all things below and above.
But believe a Maid,
Skill'd enough in the Trade
Its Mysteries to explain.
'Tis a pleasing Dart,
That tickles the Heart,
And tho' it gives Smart,
Does Joy impart,
Which largely requites all the Pain.

Mar. Oh! my Dear, whilst you have been singing, see what I have discover'd.

Sweet,

Sweet. It's a Woman's Hand, and not my own.
 [*Reads.*] Oh! my *Margery*, now am I undone indeed—*Robin* is faulty, he has lain with, and left our *Susan*.

Mar. How!

Sweet. This Letter comes from her to upbraid him with it.

Mar. Then you have reason to thank your Stars for this timely Discovery. What wou'd it avail you to have found it out when you were married to him? When you had been his Wife, what wou'd it have profited you to have known he had another?

Sweet. True, true, *Margery*, when once a Woman is married, 'tis too late to discover Faults.

AIR 14. (*Redhouse.*)

Te Virgins who wou'd marry
E're you chuse be wary,
If you'd not miscarry,
Be inclin'd to doubting.
Examine well your Lover,
His Vices to discover,
With Caution con him over,
And turn quite inside out him.
But Wedding past,
The Stocking cast,
The Guests all gone,
The Curtain drawn;
Be henceforth blind,
Be ever kind,
And find no Faults about him.

Sweet. Oh! *Margery*, I am resolv'd never to see *Robin* more.

Mar. Keep that Resolution, and you'll be happy.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Robin *solus*.

Rob. How truly does the Book say, —Hours to Men in Love are Years! Oh! for a Shower of Rain, to send the Parson home from Courting, before the canonical Hours are over.— Ha! what Paper is this—the Hand of our *William* is on the Superscription.— To Mrs. *Sweetiffa*—hoping that you are not quite De-ter-m-i-n-e-d, determined to marry *Robin*; this comes to let you know.— I'll read no more, can there be such Falshood in Mankind;— I find Footmen are as great Rogues as their Masters; and henceforth I'll look for no more Honefty under a Livery than an embroider'd Coat.— But let me see again. To let you know I'm ready to fulfil my Promise to you.— Ha! she too is guilty— Chambermaids are as bad as their Ladies: And the whole World is one Nest of Rogues.

AIR 15. (Black Joak.)

*The more we know of human Kind,
The more Deceits and Tricks you'll find,
In ev'ry Land as well as Wales.
For would you see no Roguery thrive,
Upon the Mountains you must live;
For Rogues abound in all the Vales.
The Master and the Man will nick,
The Mistress and the Maid will trick;
For Rich and Poor,
Are Rogue and Whore,
There's not one honest Man in a Score
Nor Woman true in Twenty Four.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Robin and John.

Rob. Oh! *John*, thou best of Friends: Come to my Arms, for thy Sake I will still believe there is one honest—one honest Man in the World.

John. What means our *Robin*?

Rob. Oh! my Friend, *Sweetiffa's* false, and I'm undone; let this Letter explain the rest.

John. Ha! and is *William* at the Bottom of all—Our *William*, who us'd to rail against Women and Matrimony, Oh! 'tis too true what our Parson says, there's no Belief in Man.

Rob. Nor Women either.—*John*, art thou my Friend?

John. When did *Robin* ask me what I have not done?—Have I not left my Horses undrest to whet thy Knives? Have I not left my Stable unclean'd to clean thy Spoons; and even the Bay Stone Horse unwatered to wash thy Glasses?

Rob. Then thou shalt carry a Challenge for me to *William*.

John. Oh! *Robin*, consider what our Parson says, we must not revenge, but forget and forgive.

Rob. Let our Parson say what he will—when did he himself forgive?—Did he forgive Gaffer *Jobson's* having wrong'd him of two Cocks of Hay in five Load? Did he forgive Gammer *Sowgrunt*, for having wrong'd him of a Tyth Pig?—Did he forgive *Susan Foul-mouth*, for telling him he lov'd the Cellar better than his Pul-pit?—No, no, let him preach up Forgiveness—he forgives no body.—So I'll follow his Example, and not his Precepts:—Had he hit me a slap in the Jaw, I could have put it up:—Had he stole a Silver Spoon, and laid the Blame on

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on me——tho' I'd been turn'd away, I cou'd
have forgiven him. But to try to rob me of my
Love —— that —— that, our *John*, I never can
forgive.

AIR 16. (*Tipling John.*)

The Dog his Bit
Will often quit
A Battle to eschew.
The Cock his Corn
Will leave in Barn,
Another Cock in View.
One Man will eat
Another's Meat
And no Contention's seen :
Since all agree
'Tis best to be,
Tho' hungry, in a whole Skin.

(2.)

But should each spy
His Mistress nigh,
A Rival move his Suit,
He quits his Fears,
And by the Ears
They fall together to't.
A Rival shocks
Men, Dogs and Cocks,
And makes the Gentl'est froward :
He who won't fight
For Mistress bright,
Is something worse than Coward.

John. Nay, to say the Truth, thou hast Reason
on thy Side; fare thee well,—— I'll go deliver
thy Message,—— and thou shalt find I will behave
myself like a *Welshman* and thy Friend.

D

SCENE

SCENE X.

Robin *solus*.

Rob. Now, were it not for the Sin of Self-murder, would I go hang myself at the next Tree — Yes, *Sweetiffa*, I would hang myself, and haunt thee. Oh! Woman, Woman! is this the Return you make true Love; no Man is sure of his Mistress 'till he has gotten her with Child. — A Lover shou'd act like a Boy at School, who spits in his Porridge, that no one may take it from him — should *William* have been before-hand with me — oh!

SCENE XI.

Robin and *Sweetiffa*.

Sweet. Oh! the Perjury of Men! I find Dreams do not always go by contraries; for I dreamt last Night that I saw our *Robin* married to another.

[A long Silence, and walking by one another, she bursts out a crying.]

Rob. Your Crying won't do, Madam, I can tell you that; I have been your Fool long enough — I have been cheated by your Tears too often to believe 'em any longer.

Sweet. Oh! barbarous, perfidious, cruel Wretch! oh! I shall break my Heart — oh! —

Rob. No, no, your Heart is like a green Stick, you may bend it, but not break it; it will bend like a Willow, and twist round any one.

Sweet.

Sweet. Monster! Monster!

Rob. Better Language would shew better Breeding.

AIR 17. (Hedge-Lane.)

Rob. Indeed my Dear, with Sigh and Tear
Your point you will not carry;

I'd rather eat the Offal Meat
Than others Leavings marry,

Sweet. Villain! well you would conceal
Your Falshood by such Catches;

Alas! too true I've been to you,
Thou very Wretch of Wretches:

Well you know what I might do,
Would I but, with young Master.

Rob. Pray be still, since by our Will
You're now with Child of Bastard.

Sweet. I with Child?

Rob. Yes, you with Child?

Sweet. I with Child, you Villain?

Rob. Yes, you Madam. you
Are now with Child by William.

It is equal to me with whom you play your pranks, and I'd as lieve be my Master's Cuckold as my Fellow Servant's—nay, rather, for I could make him pay for't.

Sweet. Oh! most inhuman! dost thou not expect the Ceiling to fall down on thy Head for so notorious a Lie? dost thou believe in the Bible? dost thou believe there's such a thing as the Devil? dost thou believe there's such a Place as Hell?

Rob. Yes, I do, Madam, and you will find there is such a Place to your Cost. — Oh! *Sweetissa*, *Sweetissa*, that a Woman could hear herself ask'd in Church to one Man, when she knew she had to do with another.

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Sweet. I had to do with another?

Rob. You, Madam, you.

Sweet. I had to do with *Will*?

Rob. Yes, yes, you had to do with *Will*.

AIR 18. (*Lord Biron's Maggot.*)

Sweet. Sure nought so disast'rous can Woman befall,
As to be a good Virgin, and thought none at all ;
Had William but pleas'd me,
It never had teaz'd me
To hear a forsaken Man bawl :
But from you this Abuse,
For whose Sake and whose Use,
I've safe cork'd my Maiden head up ;
How must it shock my Ear !
For what Woman can bear,
To be call'd a vile Drunkard,
And told of the Tankard,
Before she had swallow'd a Cup.

Rob. Oh! *Sweetissa, Sweetissa*, well thou knowest,
that wert thou true, I'd not have sold thee for five
hundred Pounds. But why do I argue with an
ungrateful Woman, who is not only false, but
triumphs in her Falshood? Oh! *Sweetissa*, the
very Andirons thou didst rub, before thou wert
prefer'd to wait on thy Lady, have not more Brass
in them than thy Forehead.

Sweet. Oh! *Robin*, the great Silver Candlesticks in
thy Custody are not more Hollow than thou art--

Rob. Oh! *Sweetissa*, the Paint, nay, the Eye-
brows that thou puttest on thy Mistress, are not
more false than thou.

Sweet. Thou hast as many Mistresses as there are
Glasses on thy Side-board.

Rob. And thou Lovers as thy Mistress has Patches.

Sweet. If I have, you will have but a small Share.

Rob.

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Rob. The better my Fortune,—to lose a Wife when you have had her, is to get out of Misfortune; to lose one before you get her, is to escape it, especially if it be one that some-body has had before you. He that marries pays the Price of Virtue; Whores are to be had cheaper.

A I R. 19. (Do not ask me.)

*A Woman's Ware, like China,
Now cheap, now dear, is bought;
When whole 'tis worth a Guinea,
When broke not worth a Groat.*

2.

*A Woman at St. James's
For Guineas you obtain;
But stay till fall'n ber fame is,
She'll be Cheap at Drury-Lane.*

S C E N E XII.

Sweetissa and Margery.

Sweet. Ungrateful! barbarous Wretch

Mar. What is the Matter?

Sweet. Oh! *Margery, Robin!*

Mar. What more of him?

Sweet. Oh! worse than you can imagine, worse than I could have dreaded — Oh! he has sullied my Virtue.

Mar. How, your Virtue!

Sweet. Yes; *Margery*, that Virtue which I kept lock'd up as in a Cupboard—that very Virtue he has abused, he has barbarously insinuated to be no
Virtue

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Virtue at all — Oh I could have born any Fate
but this — I that would have carried a Knapfack
thro' the World, — so that my Virtue had been
safe within it; — I that would have rather been
the poorest Man's Wife, than the richest Man's
Whore — to be call'd the Miss of a Footman, that
would not be the Miss of a King.

Mar. It is a melancholy Thing indeed.

Sweet. Oh! *Margery*, Mende not sufficiently un-
derstand the Value of Virtue. — Even Footmen
learn to go a whoring with their Masters, and
Virtue will shortly be of no Use but to stop Bottles.

AIR 20. (*Twede Side.*)

*What Woman her Virtue will keep
When nought by her Virtue she gains?
While she lulls her soft Passion asleep
She's thought but a Fool for her pains.
Since Valets who learn their Lords Wit,
Our Virtue a Bawble can Call,
Why should we our Ladies Steps quit,
Or have any Virtue at all.*

[*Ex.*

ACT



ACT II.

The Field.

SCENE I.

Owen and Molly.

Ow. **M**Y dear Molly, let not the Reflection on my past Gaities give thee any uneasiness; be assured I have been long tired of Variety; and I find after all the changes I have run thro', both of Women and Cloaths, a Man hath need of no more than one Woman, and one Suit at a time.

AIR 21. (Greenwood Tree.)

*To wanton Pleasures, roving Charms,
I bid a long adieu;
While wrapt within my Molly's Arms,
I find enough in you.
By Houses this, by Horses that,
By Cloaths a Third's undone;
While this abides, a second rides,
The third can wear but one.*

Molly. My dear I will believe thee, and am resolv'd from this time forward to run all the Hazards of Life with thee—let thy rich Parents, or my poor Parents say what they will: Let us henceforth have no other desire than to make one another Parents.

Sv.

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Ow. With all my heart, my Dear, and the sooner we begin to love, the sooner we shall be so. —

Molly. Begin to love! alas, my Dear, is it now to begin?

Ow. Not the Theory of Love, my Angel, — to that I have been long an Apprentice; so long that I now desire to set up my Trade.

Molly. Let us to the Parson.—I am as willing to be marry'd as thou art.

Ow. Why the Parson, my Dear?

Molly. We can't be marry'd without him.

Ow. No; but we can love without him; and what have we to do with Marriage while we can love? — And those are happiest who arrive at Love—without travelling thro' it.

AIR 22. (*Dimi Caro.*)

*Dearest Charmer,
Will you still bid me tell,
What you discern so well.
By my expiring Sighs?
My doating Eyes.
Look thro' the instructive Grove,
Each object prompts to Love;
Hear how the Turtles coo,
All Nature tells you what to do.*

Molly. Too well I understand you now; no, no, however dirty the Road of Marriage be, I will to love no other way—alas! There is no other way but one—and that is dirtier still—none travel thro' it without sullying their Reputations beyond the Possibility of cleaning.

Ow. When Cleanliness is out of Fashion, who wou'd desire to be clean? And when Ladies of Quality appear with dirty Reputations, why should you fear a little Spot on yours?

Molly.

Molly. Ladies of Quality may wear bad Reputations as well as bad Cloaths, and be admir'd in both. ——— But Women of lower Rank must be decent, or they will be despis'd, for no Woman can pass without one good Quality, unless she be a Woman of very great Quality.

On. You judge too severely. — Nature never prompts us to a real Crime, it is the Imposition of a Priest, not Nature's Voice, which bars us from a Pleasure allow'd to every Creature but Man; but do I thus strive to convince thee by Arguments of what thou art sufficiently certain? why should I refute your Tongue, when your fond Eyes refute it?

AIR 23. (Canny Boatman.)

*How can I trust your Words precise,
My soft Desires denying?
When Oh! I read within your Eyes,
Your tender Heart complying;
Your Tongue may cheat,
And with Deceit
Your softer Wishes cover,
But oh! your Eyes
Know no Disguise,
Nor ever cheat your Lover.*

Molly. Away, false, perjur'd, barbarous, Wretch! is this the Love you have for me, to undo me, to ruin me?

On. Oh! Do not take on thee thus my dear *Molly*; I wou'd sooner ruin my self than thee.

Molly. Ay, so it appears. Oh! Fool that I was, to think thou couldst be constant, who hast ruin'd so many Women, to think thou ever didst intend to marry me, who has long been practis'd in the Arts of seducing our Sex; henceforth I will sooner

E

think

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think it possible for Butter to come when the Witch is in the Churn — for Hay to dry in the Rain, for Wheat to ripen at *Christmas*, for Cheese to be made without Milk — for a Barn to be free from Mice, for a Warren to be free from Rats, for a Cherry Orchard to be free from Blackbirds, or for a Churchyard to be free from Ghosts, than for a young Man to be free from Falshood.

Ow. Be not enrag'd, my sweetest Dear; let me kiss away thy Passion.

Molly. Auaunt — a Blight is in thy Kifs— thy Breath is the Wind of Wantonness, and Virtue cannot grow near thee.

AIR 24. (I'll range around,)

*Since you so base and faithless be,
And wou'd — without marrying me:
A Maid I'll go to Plato's Shore,
Nor think of Men or Marriage more.*

Ow. You'll repent that Resolution before you get half way—she'll go pout, and pine away half an Hour by herself, then relapse into a Fit of Fondness, and be all my own.

AIR 25. (Cloe is false.)

*Women in vain Love's powerful Torrent
With unequal Strength oppose;
Reason awhile may stem the strong Current,
Love still at last her Soul o'erflows.*

*Pleasure inviting,
Passion's exciting,
Her Lover charms her,
Of Pride disarms her,
Down she goes.*

[Exeunt

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Field.

Enter Robin, William, John, Thomas.

Will. Here's as proper a Place as can be for our Business.

Rob. The sooner the better.

John. Come Thomas, thou and I will not be idle.--

Tho. I'll take a knock or two for Love, with all my heart.

AIR 26. (Britons strike Home.)

Will. Robin. Come on, come on, come on,
as soon as you please.

Rob. Will. I will hit thee a slap in the,
Slap in the, slap in the Face, &c.

Will. Would, would I could see't,
I would with both Feet
Give thee such a Kick by the by.

Rob. If you dare, Sir, do.

Will. Why do not, Sir, you?

Rob. I'm ready, I'm ready,

Will. And so am I too.

Tho. You must fight to some other Tune, or you will never fight at all.

Enter Susan.

Sus. What are you doing, you set of lazy Rascals? Do you consider my Master will be at home

E 2

within

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within these two Hours, and find nothing ready for his Supper?

Will. Let Master come when he will — if he keeps *Robin*, I am free to go as soon as he pleases; *Robin* and I will not live in one House together.

Suf. Why, what's the Matter?

Rob. He wanted to get my Mistress from me, that's all,

Will. You lie, Sirrah, you lie.

Rob. And you lie.

Will. And I say you lie again.

Rob. The Devil take the greatest Liar, I say.

AIR 27. (Mother quoth *Hodge*.)

Suf. Oh! Fie upon't, *Robin*, Oh! fie upon't, *Will*,
With Language like this, what Scullion defames?
'Twere better your Tongues should ever lie still
Than always be scolding, and calling ill Names.

Will. 'Twas he that Lies
Did first devise;

The first Words were his, and the last shall be mine.

Rob. You kiss my — Dog.

Will. You are a fly Dog.

Rob. — Loggerhead.

Will. — Blockhead.

Rob. — Fool.

Will. — Fox.

Rob. — Swine.

Will. Sirrah, I'll make you repent you ever quarrel'd with me — I will tell your Master of two Silver Spoons you stole — I'll discover your Tricks — your selling Glasses, and pretending the Frost broke them — Making Master brew more Drink than he needed, and then giving it away to your own Family, especially to feed

feed the great swollen Belly of that fat-gutted Brother of yours, who gets drunk twice a day at Master's Expences.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho, and is this all?

Will. No, Sirrah, that's not all — then there's your filing the Plate, and when it was found lighter, pretending that it wasted in cleaning; and your Bills for Tutty and Rottenstone, when you used nothing but poor Whiting—— Sirrah, you have been such a Rogue, that you have stole above half my Master's Plate, and spoil'd the rest.

Sus. Pie upon't *William*, what have we to do with Master's Losses? he is rich, and can afford it —— don't let us quarrel among our selves—— Let us stand by one another —— for let me tell you, if Matters were to be too nicely examin'd into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all—— wife Servants always stick close to one another, like Plumbs in a Pudding that is over wetted—— says *Susan* the Cook.

John. Or Horses in a Stable that's on fire, says *John* the Groom.

Tho. Or Grapes upon a Wall, says *Thomas* the Gardiner.

Sus. Every Servant should be Sauce for his Fellow-servant—— As Sauce disguises the Faults of a Dish, so should he theirs—— Oh! *William*, were we all to have our Deserts we should be finely roasted indeed.

AIR 28. (Dame of Honour.)

*A wise Man others faults conceals,
His own to get more clear of
While Folly, all she knows reveals;
Sure what she does to bear of.
The Parson and the Lawyer's blind
Each to his Brother's erring,
For shou'd you search, he knows you'd find
No Barrel the better Herring.*

AIR 29. (We have cheated the Parson.)

*Rob. Here stands honest Bob, who ne'er in's Life
Was known to be guilty of Faction or Strife.
But Oh! what can
Appease the Man.
Who'd rob me of both my Place and my Wife?*

Will. If you prove it, I'll be hang'd, that's fair.

Rob. I've that in my Pocket will make it appear.

Will. ———Prithee, what?

*Rob. ———Ask you that,
when you know you have written aginst me so pat.
Here's your Hand, tho' there's not your Name to it;
is not this your Hand, Sir?*

Will. I don't think it worth my while to tell you whether 'tis or no.

Rob. Was it not enough to try to supplant me in my Place, but you must try to get my Mistress?

Will. Your Mistress, any Man may have your Mistress, that can outbid you; for it is very well known you never had a Mistress without paying for her.

Rob,

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Rob. But perhaps you may find me too cunning for you, and while you are attempting my Place you may lose your own.

AIR 30. (Hark, the Cock's crowing.)

Will. *When Master thinks fit,
I am ready to quit
A Place I so little regard, Sir;
For while thou art here
No Merit must e'er
Expect to find any Reward, Sir.
The Groom that is able
To manage his Stable
Of Places enough need not doubt, Sir;
But you my good-Brother
Will scarce get another,
If Master shou'd e'er turn you out, Sir.*

Suf. If you can't be Friends without it, you had best fight it out once for all.

Will. Ay, ay, so say I.

Rob. No, no, I am for no fighting; it is but a Word and a Blow with *William*, he wou'd set the whole Parish together by the Ears if he cou'd; and 'tis very well known what Difficulties I have been put to, to make Peace in it.

Will. I suppose Peace-making, is one of the secret Services you have done Master; — for they are such Secrets, that your Friend the Devil can hardly discover; — And whence doth your Peace-making arise, but from your Fear of getting a black Eye, or bloody Nose in the Squabble? for if you could set the whole Parish a boxing, without boxing your self, it is well known you wou'd do it, Sirrah, Sirrah: — Had your Love for the Tenants been the Occasion of your Peace-making, as you call it, you would not be always
making

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making Master so hard upon them in every Court
Leet, and prevent him giving them the fat Ox at
Christmas, on pretence of good Husbandry.

Sus. Oh fie! *William*, pray let me be the Me-
diator betwixt you.——

Rob. Ay, ay, let *Susan* be the Mediator——
I'll refer my Cause to any one,—— it's equal
to me.

Will. No, no, I shall not refer an Affair,
wherein my Honour is concerned, to a Wo-
man.

AIR 31. (*Of a noble Race was Shenkin.*)

*Good Madam Cook the greasy,
Pray leave your saucy Bawling,
To make Pot boil
Be all your Toil,*

*For that's your proper Calling.
With Men as wise as Robin
A Female Tongue may pass, Sir;
For where th' Grey Mare
Is th' better Horse, there
The Horse is but an Ass, Sir.*

[Exit.]

Sus. Saucy Fellow!

Tho. I suppose he is gone to inform Master
against you.

Rob. Let him go, I am too much in Favour
with Madam to fear any Mischief he can make with
Master——and heark'ee, between you and I, Madam
won't suffer me to be turn'd out; you heard *William*
upbraid me with stealing the Beer for my own Fa-
mily, but she knows half of it hath gone to her
own private Cellar, where she and the Parson sit
and drink, and meditate Ways to propagate Re-
ligion in the Parish.

Sus.

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Suf. Don't speak against Madam, *Robin*, she is an exceeding good Woman to her own Servants.——

Rob. Ay, ay, to us upper Servants. We that keep the Keys fare well enough; and for the rest, let them starve for *Robin*. It's the Way of the World, *Susan*:—— The Heads of all Professions thrive, the other starve.

AIR 32. (*Pierot's Tune.*)
Great Courtiers Palaces contain,
While small ones fear the Jail;
Great Persons riot on Champaigne,
Small Persons sot on Ale.
Great Whores in Coaches gang,
Smaller Misses
With their Kisses
Are in Bridewell bang'd;
While in vogue
Live the great Rogues
Small Rogues are by Dozens bang'd.
[Exit with Thomas.]

Enter Sweetiffa to Susan.

Sweet. Oh! brave *Susan*, what, you are resolv'd to keep open doings: When a Woman goes out of the Precincts of Virtue, she never knows where to stop.

AIR 33. (*Country Garden.*)
Virtue within a Woman's Heart
By Nature's Hand is ram'd in ;
There must be kept by steady Art,
Like Water when 'tis dam'd in.
But the Dam once broken,
Past all revoking,
Virtue flies off in a Minute ;
Like a River left,
Of Water bereft,
Each Man may venture in it.

F

Suf.

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Suf. —I hope you will pardon my want of Capacity, Madam, but I don't know what you mean.

Sweet. Your Capacity is too capacious, Madam.

Suf. Your Method of talking, Madam, is something too dark.

Sweet. Your Method of acting is darker, Madam.

Suf. I dare appeal to the whole World for the Justification of my Actions, Madam. And I defy any one to say, my fame is more fully'd than my Plates——Madam.

Sweet. Your Pots you mean, Madam—— If you are like any Plates, Madam—— it is Soup Plates, which any Man may put his Spoon into.

Suf. Me, Madam.

Sweet. You, Madam.

AIR 34. (*Dainty Davy.*)

Suf. *What the Devil mean you, thus*

Scandal sattering,

Me bespattering;

Dirty Slut and ugly Puffs,

What can be your Meaning?

Sweet *Had you, Madam, not forgot*

When with Bob—— you know what;

Surely, Madam, you wou'd not

Twice inquire my Meaning.

There read that Letter, and be satisfy'd how base you have been to a Woman, to whom you have profess'd a Friendship.

Suf. What do you mean by offering me a Letter to read, when you know?——

Sweet. When I know you writ it, Madam.

Suf. When you know I can neither write nor Madam read, it was my Parents Fault, not mine, that gave me not a better Education; and if you had not been taught to write, you wou'd have been no more able to write than my self,—— tho' you barbarously upbraid me with what is not my Fault.

Sweet. How! and is it possible you can neither read nor write?

Suf.

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Suf. Possible! Why should it be impossible for a Servant not to be able to write, when so many Gentlemen can't spell?

Sweet. Here is your Name to a Love Letter, which is directed to *Robin*; wherein you complain of his having left you, after he had enjoy'd you.

Suf. Enjoy'd me!

Sweet. It is so, I assure you——

Suf. If ever I had any thing to say to *Robin*, but as one Fellow-Servant might say to another Fellow-Servant, may my Pot never boil again.

Sweet. I am sorry you cannot read, that you might read *Susan Roastmeat* in plain Letters; and if you did not write it your self, sure the Devil must have writ it for you.

Suf. I think I have said enough to satisfy you, and as much as is consistent with my Honour.

Sweet. You have indeed, to satisfy me of your Innocence; nor do I think it inconsistent with my Honour, to assure you I am sorry I said what I did; which I do, and humbly ask your Pardon, Madam.

Suf. Dear Madam, an Acknowledgment from you is sufficient: Oh! *Sweetissa*, had I been one of those, I might have had to do with my young Master.

Sweet. Nay, for that matter 'we might all have had to do with my young Master; that argues little in your Defence; but this I am assur'd of, if you cannot write at all, you did not write the Letter.

AIR 35. (*Valentine's Day.*)

A Woman must her Honour save

While she's a Virgin found,

And he can hardly be a Knave

That is not worth a Pound.

On Horseback he that cannot ride

On Horseback did not rob,

F 2

And

*And since a Pen you cannot guide,
 You never wrote to Bob.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Owen and Apshones.

Apsho. I desire not, Mr. *Owen*, that you would marry my Daughter; I had rather see her married to one of her own Degree. I had rather have a Sett of fine healthy Grandchildren, than a poor puny Breed of half begotten Brats, that inherit the Diseases as well as the Titles of their Parents.

Owen. Pshaw, Pshaw, Mr. *Apshones*, these are the narrow Sentiments of such old Fellows as you, that have either never known, or forgotten the World; that think their Daughters are going out of the World, if they go five Miles from them; and had rather see them walk a-foot at Home, than ride in a Coach Abroad.

Apsho. I would not see her ride in her Coach this Year, to see her ride in an Hearse the next.

Owen. You may never arrive at that Honour, good Sir.

Apsho. I would not advise you to attempt bringing any Dishonour on us;— that may not be so safe as you imagine.

Owen. So safe!

Apsho. No, not so safe, Sir.—— I have not lost my Spirit with my Fortune; I am your Father's Tenant, but not his Slave; tho' you have ruin'd many poor Girls with Impunity, you may not always succeed so.—— For let me tell you, Sir, whoever brings Dishonour on me shall bring Ruin on himself.

Owen. Ha! ha! ha!

Apsho. I believe both Sir *Owen* and her Ladyship too good People to suffer you in those Practices, were they acquainted with them; Sir *Owen* hath still behav'd as the best of Landlords; he knows a Landlord should protect, not prey on his Tenants,—— should be the Shepherd, not the

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the Wolf to his Flock—but one would have thought you imagin'd we lived under that barbarous Custom I have heard of, when the Landlord was entitled to the Maidenheads of all his Tenant's Daughters.

Owen. Ha! ha! Ha! Thou art a very ridiculous, comical, odd sort of an old Fellow, faith.

Ap/ho. 'Tis very likely you and I may appear in the same Light to one another.—— Your Dress wou'd have made as ridiculous a Figure in my young Days, as mine does now.—— What is the Meaning of all that Plaistering upon your Wig, unless you wou'd insinuate that your Brains lie on the outside of your Heads.

Owen. Your Daughter likes our Dress, if you don't.

Ap/ho. I desire you wou'd spare my Daughter, Sir; I shall take as much Care of her as I can, and if you shou'd prevail on her to her Ruin, be assur'd your Father's Estate shall not secure you from my Revenge; you shou'd find that the true Spirit of the *British* Liberty acknowledges no Superior equal to Oppression.

Owen. The true Spirit of *British* Liberty, ha, ha! Thou art not the first Father or Husband that has bluster'd in this manner, and been afterwards as quiet as a Lamb; he were a fine Gallant indeed, who wou'd be barr'd in the Pursuit of his Mistress by the Threatnings of her Relations; not that I should care to venture, if I thought the Fellow in earnest; but your Heroes in Words, are never so in Deeds.

AIR 36. (My Cloe, why do you slight me.)

*The Whore of Fame is jealous,
The Coward wou'd seem brave;
For we are still most zealous,
What most we want to save.*

The

The Grub-street OPERA.

*The Madman boasts his Senses,
And he whose chief Pretence is
To Liberty's Defence, is
Too oft the greatest Slave.*
End of the Second A C T.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Sir Owen Smoaking.

Owen. **W**HAT a glorious Creature was he
who first discover'd the Use of To-
bacco.— 'The Industrious retir'd from Business—
the voluptuous from Pleasure,— the Lover from
a cruel Mistress,— the Husband from a curs'd
Wife,— and I from the World to my Pipe.

AIR 37. (Free-Masons Tune.)

*The Soldier for Fame,
And a General's Name,
In Battles gets many a Thwack o' :
Let who will have most,
Who will rule the roast,
Give me but a Pipe of Tobacco.
Tobacco gives Wit
To the dullest old Cit,
And makes him of Politicks crack o';
The Lawyer i'th' Hall
Were not able to bawl,
Were it not for a Pipe of Tobacco.
The Man whose chief Glory
Is telling a Story,
Had never arriv'd at the knack o',
If between every hey--ing,
And as I was saying,
He had'nt took a Whiff of Tobacco.*

The

*The Doctor who places
Much Skill in Embraces,
And feels your Pulse running tick-tack o';
Would you know his chief Skill,
It is only to feel,
And smoak a good Pipe of Tobacco.
The Courtiers alone
To this Weed are not prone,
Would you know what makes them so slack o',
'Twas because it inclin'd.
To be honest the Mind,
And therefore they banish'd Tobacco.*

SCENE II.

Sir Owen. Lady.

Lady. It is very hard, my Dear, that I must be an eternal Slave to my Family, that the Moment my back is turn'd every thing goes to Rack and Manger; that you will take no Care upon your self, like a sleepy good for nothing Drone as you are.——

Owen. My Wife is a very good Wife, only a little inclin'd to talking; if she had no Tongue, or I had no Ears, we should be the happiest Couple in Wales.

Lady. Sir Owen, Sir Owen, it is very well known what Offers I refus'd when I married you.

Owen. Yes, my Dear, it is very well known indeed—— I have heard of it often enough in Conscience—— But this I am confident in—— if you had ever had a better Offer, you know your own Interest too well to have refus'd it.

Lady. Ungrateful Man! — If I have shewn that I know the value of Money, it has been for your Interest as well as mine, and let me tell you Sir, when ever my Conscience hath strugled with my Interest, she hath always got the better.

Sir

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Sir. Why possibly it may be so— for I am sure which-ever side your Tongue is of will get the better.— And hark'ee, my Dear, I fancy your Conscience, and your Tongue lie very near together — as for your Interest, it lies too near your Heart to have any intercourse with your Tongue.

Lady. Methinks, *Sir Owen*, you should be the last who reflected on me for scolding at your Servants.

Sir. So I would, if you would not scold at me; — Vent your ill Nature on all the Parish, let me and my Tobacco alone, and I care not. But a scolding Wife to me is a walking Bals-Viol out of Tune.

Lady. *Sir*, *Sir*, a drunken Husband is a bad Fiddlestick to that Bals-Viol, never able to put her into tune, or to play any Tune upon her —

Sir. A scolding Wife is Rosinto that Fiddlestick, continually rubbing it up to play, till it wears out.

AIR 38. (Tenant of my own.)

Of all bad sorts of Wives

The Scolds are sure the worst.

With a bum, drum, scum—hurry, scurry, scum.

Would I'd a Cuckold been,

E'er I had been acurst.

With your bum, &c.

Would he have curst Mankind,

(If Juno's drawn to Life)

When Jupiter Pandora sent

He should have sent his Wife.

With a bum, &c.

SCENE III.

Susan and Lady.

Lady. Go thy ways for an errant Knight as thou art — so *Susan*, what bring you?

Suf. The Bill of fare, Madam.

Lady. The Bill of Fare, this looks more like a Bill for a Month than a Day.

Suf. Master hath invited several of the Tenants to day, Madam.

Lady.

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Lady. Yes, I am acquainted with your Master's Generosity — he would keep a Tenants Table by his Consent. — On my Conscience he would suffer some of the poorer Tenants to eat more than their Rent out.

Suf. Heaven blefs him for such goodness!

Lady. This Sir-loin of Beef may stand, only cut off half of it for to-morrow — it is too big for one Dish.

Suf. Oh! dear Madam, it is a thousand Pities to cut it.

Lady. P'shaw, I tell you no polite People suffer a large Dish to come to their Table — I have seen an Entertainment of three Courses, where the Substance of the whole would not have made half a Sir-loin of Beef.

Suf. The Devil take such Politeness, I say. —

Lady. A Goose roasted! — very well; take a particular care of the *Giblets*, they bear a very good Price in the Market. — Two brace of Partridges; I'll leave out one of them. An Apple-pye, with *Quinces* — why *Quinces*? when you know *Quinces* are so dear. — There — and for the rest do you keep it, and let me have two Dishes a Day till it is out.

Suf. Why, Madam, half the Provision will stink at that rate.

Lady. Then they will eat the less of it. — I know some good Housewives that never buy any other; for it is always cheap, and will go the farther. —

Suf. So as the Smell of the old *English* Hospitality used to invite People in, that of the present is to keep them away. —

Lady. Old *English* Hospitality, Oh! don't Name it, — I am sick at the Sound.

Suf. Would I had liv'd in those Days. — I wish I had been born a Cook, in an Age when there was some Business for one — before we had learnt this *French* Politeness, and been taught

50 *The Grub-street OPERA.*

to dress our Meat by Nations that have no Meat
to dress.

AIR 39. (The King's old Courtier.)

*When mighty roast Beef was the Englishman's Food,
It enobled our Hearts, and enriched our Blood,
Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good.*

*Oh! the roast Beef of England,
And old England's roast Beef.*

*But since we have learnt from all-conquering France
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to dance;*

Oh! What a fine Figure we make in Romance.

*Oh! The roast Beef of England,
And old England's roast Beef.*

Lady. Servants are continually jealous of the
least thrift of a Master or Mistress, they are never
easy but when they observe Extravagance.

SCENE IV.

Lady and Puzzletext.

AIR 40. (Oh! Fenny, Oh! Fenny.)

Lady. Oh! Doctor, Oh! Doctor, where hast thou been?

Sure never was—Woman like me perplex;

I have been chiding,

Puz. *I have been riding;*

And meditating upon my Text.

Lady. I wish you would give us a Sermon on
Charity—that my Servants might know it is no
Charity to indulge a voluptuous Appetite—

Puz. There is, Madam, as your Ladyship very
well knows, a religious Charity and irreligious
Charity——Now the religious Charity rather
teaches us to starve the Belly of our Friend, than
feed it: Verily, Starving is voluptuous Food for a
sinful Constitution.

Lady. I wish, Doctor, when you go next to Lon-
don, you would buy me up, at the cheapest Rates,
all the Books upon Charity that have been pub-
lish'd.

Puz.

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Puz. I have a Treatise, Madam, which I shall shortly publish, that will comprehend the whole. It will be writ in *Latin*, and dedicated to your Ladyship.

Lady. Any thing for the Encouragement of Religion—— I am a great Admirer of the *Latin* Language—— I believe, Doctor, I now understand *Latin* as well as *English*—— But Oh, Doctor, it gives me pain, very great pain, that notwithstanding all our Endeavours, there should yet remain so many wicked People in our Parish—— One of the Tenants the other day abus'd his Wife in the most terrible manner.

AIR 41. ('Twas down in a Meadow.)

Ab! Doctor, I long, much as Misers for Pelf,

To see the whole Parish as good as my self.

Puz. Ab! Madam, your Ladyship need not to doubt

But that by my Sermons will be soon brought about.

Lady. Ab! Man, can your Sermons put 'em in the right way,

When not one in ten e'er hear what you say?

Puz. Ab! Madam, your Ladyship need not to fear,

If you make them pay, but I'll make them hear.

SCENE V.

To them Robin.

AIR 42. (In *Porus*.)

Rob, Some confounded Planet reigning

Surely bath, beyond explaining,

Your Sense beguiled,

Sense defiled,

Sense a-wry led,

To mistake;

I should wonder

Could you blunder

Thus, awake,

But since you are so ungrateful,

Since my Service is grown hateful;

Willing I my place forsake

And since you think fit

Me for Will to quit,

E'en brew as you bake. G 2 *Lady.*

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Lady. What's the meaning of this?

Rob. Is your Ladyship a Stranger to it then?—
Madam, don't you know that I am to be turn'd
away, and *William* made Butler?

Lady. How!

Rob. Nay, I assure your Ladyship it is true; I
just now receiv'd a Message from Master to give
an account of the Plate — and perhaps I shall
give a better account than *William* would, had he
been Butler as long as I have.

Lady. I am out of all patience; I'll to Sir *Owen*
this moment — I will see whether I am a Cypher
in this House, or no ——— [Exit.

Puz. Hark'ee, Mr *Robin*, you are safe enough —
her Ladyship is your Friend — so go you and
send me a Bottle of good Wine into my own Room,
for I am a very good Friend of yours. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Robin Solus.

Rob. It is not that I intend to live long in the
Family — but I don't care to be turn'd away —
I would give warning myself ——— and if this
Storm blows over, I will ——— Thanks to my In-
dustry, I have made a shift to get together a little
comfortable Subsistence for the rest of my days —
I'll purchase some little snug Farm in *Wales* of a-
bout a hundred a year, and retire with — ha —
with whom shall I retire, since *Sweetissa's* false —
what avails me that I can purchase an Estate,
when I cannot purchase Happiness? ———

AIR 43. (*Cupid God of pleasing Anguish.*)

What avails large Sums of Treasure

But to purchase Sums of Pleasure,

But your Wishes to obtain?

Poor the Wretch, whole Worlds possessing,

While his dearest darling Blessing

He must sigh for still in vain.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Robin and Sweetiffa.

Rob. Where is my Wealth, when the Cabinet it was lock'd up in, is broke open and plunder'd?

Sweet. He's here— Love would blow me like a Whirlwind to his Arms, did not the String of Honour pull me back—— Honour, that forces more Lies from the Mouth of a Woman, than Gold does from the Mouth of a Lawyer.

Rob. See where she stands—the false, the perjur'd she—— yet guilty as she is, she would be dearer to my Soul than Light—— did not my Honour interpose—— my Honour, which cannot suffer me to wed a Whore: I must part with Honour or with her—— and a Servant without Honour is a Wretch indeed—— How happy are Men of Quality, that cannot lose their Honour, do what they will—— Right Honour is tried in Roguery as Gold is in the Fire—— and comes out still the same——

AIR 44. (Dame of Honour.)

Nice Honour by a private man

With Zeal must be maintained,

For soon 'tis lost, and never can

By any be regained:

But once Right Honourable grown,

He's then its rightful Owner,

For tho' the worst of Rogues he's known,

He still is a Man of Honour.

Sweet. I wish I could impute this Blindness of yours to Love; but alas! Love would see me—— not my Faults —— You see my Faults —— not me——

Rob. I wish it were possible to see you faultless—— But alas! you are so hem'd in with Faults, one must see thro' them to come at you.

Sweet. I know of none, but loving you too well.

Rob. That may be one perhaps—— if you were great with *William*.

Sweet. Oh! *Robin*, If thou art resolv'd to be false, do not I beseech thee, do not let thy Malice conspire to ruin my Reputation.

Rob.

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Rob. There, Madam; read that Letter once more, then bid me be tender of your Reputation if you can—— The Women have always the boldest Claims to Reputation when they have the least Pretensions to it—— for Virtue like Gunpowder never makes any Noise till it goes off—— when you hear the Report you may be sure it is gone.

Sweet. This is some Conspiracy against me—— for may the Devil fetch me this instant if ever I saw this Letter before.

Rob. What, and drop it from your Pocket!

Sweet. Oh base Man——if ever I suffer'd *William* to kiss me in my Life, unless when we have been at Questions and Commands, may I never—— be kiss'd while I live again——and if I am not a Maid now——may I die as good a Maid as I am now——But you shall see that I am not the only one who can receive them, and drop them from their Pockets too—— There, if thou art guilty, that Letter will shock thee, while Innocence guards me——

AIR 45. (*Why will Florella.*)

*When Guilt within the Bosom lies,
A thousand ways it speaks,
It stares affrighted thro' the Eyes,
And blushes thro' the Cheeks:
But Innocence disdaining Fear
Adorns the injur'd Face,
And while the black Accuser's near,
Shines forth with brighter Grace.*

Rob. Surprizing——Sure some little writing Devil——lurks in the House. Hah! a thought hath just shot thro' my Brain——*Sweetissa*——if you have Virtue——if you have Honour——if you have Humanity, answer me one Question—— Did the Parson ever make love to you?

Sweet. Why do you ask me that?

Rob. These two Letters are writ by the same Hand——and if they were not writ by *William*, they

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they must have been by the Parson, for no one else I believe can write or read in the House—

Sweet. I can't say he hath, nor I can't say he hath not——Once he told me, that if I was worth a hundred Pound he'd marry me——

Rob. Did he? that's enough; by *George* I will make an Example of him——I'll beat him till he has as great an Aversion to Marriage as any Priest in *Rome* hath.

Sweet. O fie! what, beat the Parson!

Rob. Never tell me of the Parson——if he will have my Meat I'll give him some Sauce to it.

Sweet. Consider, good *Robin*——for tho' thou hast been a base Man to me, I would not have thee damn'd.

Rob. The Parson would send me to Heaven, I thank him——I'd rather be damn'd than go to Heaven as the Parson's Cuckold——S'bud, I'll fouse him till he shall have as little Appetite for Woman's Flesh, as Horse Flesh.

AIR 46. (Hunt the Squirrel.)

Sweet. *Oh for Goodness sake forbear,*

Think he's a Parson, think he's a Parson;

Look upon the Cloth he wears,

E'er you pull his Ears.

Rob. *Cease your chattering, I will batter him,*

Blood and Thunder-bolt;

I'll rub him, drub him, scrub him down,

As Jockeys do a Colt.

Sweet. He's gone, and perhaps will knock the Parson on the head; what can he expect then but to be hang'd by the Neck? Oh, that he were once hang'd safe about my Neck——Ye Powers preserve him from the Hangman's Noose, and tie him fast in *Hymen's*.

SCENE VIII.

Sweetissa, John.

Sweet. Oh *John*, fly — if thou wilt save thy Friend, fly up into the Parson's Closet.

John

John. What's the matter?

Sweet. One Moment's Delay, and *Robin's* lost; he is gone in a mighty Passion to beat the Parson, run and prevent him; for if he should kill the Parson he will be hang'd.

John. Kill him! if he lifts up his Hand against him he will be put into the Spiritual Court, and that is worse than hanging.

Sweet. Fly, fly, dear *John.* What Torments attend a Mind in Love.

AIR 47. (The Play of Love.)

*What vast Delights must Virgins prove
Who taste the dear Excess of Love?
Since while so many ways undone,
And all our Joys must fly from one,
Eager to Love's Embrace we run.*

*So when in some small Island lies
The eager Merchant's Brilliant Prize,
That dear, that darling Spot to gain,
He views black Tempests with Disdain
And all the Dangers of the Main.*

SCENE IX.

Owen, Sweetissa.

Owen. Sweetissa in Tears! so looks the Lilly after a Shower, while Drops of Rain run gently down its Silken Leaves, and gather Sweetness as they pass.

AIR 44. (Si Cari.)

*Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile,
Repining banish,
Let Sorrow vanish,
Grief does the Complexion spoil.
See how your Rival Sun,
His Glory's shrowded,
Whence he is clouded,
No more is gaz'd upon
with Rapture.*

smile

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*Smile, smile, Sweetissa smile,
Lift up your charming, cha--a--arming,
Lift up your charming Eyes,
Charming—*

Owen. What is the matter my dear Sweetissa?

Sweet. Whatever be the matter, it is no matter of yours, Master Owen.

Ow. I would hug thee in my Arms, and comfort thee—if thou would'st let me—give me a Buss—do—

AIR 49. (Sleepy Body.)

Little Master, pretty Master.

Tour vain pursuit give over,

Surely Nature

Such a Creature

Never meant for a Lover.

A Beau and Baboon,

In a dull Afternoon,

May Ladies divert by their Capers;

But weak is her Head

Who takes to her Bed

Such a Remedy for the Vapours,

Little Master, &c.

Go and like a blubbering Bess bowl,

Whilst at your Grief I'm quaffing,

For the more you cry the less you'll

— be inclin'd to laughing.

SCENE X.

Ow. So Mistress Susan, which way are you a going?

Suf. Going! why, I am going to find Madam out, — if she will have no Viſuals, ſhe ſhall have no Cook for Susan, — If I cut the Sir-loin of Beef — may the Devil cut me.

Ow. Oh! do not ſpoil this pretty Face with Paſſion—give me a Kiſs, my dear pretty little Cook.

Suf. Give you a Kiſs — give you a ſlap in the Face, or a rod for your Backſide, when I am kiſs'd it ſhall be by another gueſs ſort of Spark than you—S'bud your Head looks like the ſcrag End of a Neck of Mutton, juſt flower'd for baiſting, — a Kiſs — a Fart!

H SCENE

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SCENE XI. Owen and Margery;

Ow. Go thy ways, greasy Face — Oh! here's my little *Margery* now.

Marg. Not so little neither, Master Owen — I am big enough for you still.

Ow. And so thou art, my Dear, and my Dove — come let us — let us — let us.

Marg. Let us what —

Ow. Let us — agad I don't know what — let us kifs like any thing.

Marg. Not so fast, 'Squire — your *Mamma* must give you a larger Allowance before it comes to that between you and me. Look'ee, Sir, when you can produce that fine Apron you promis'd me, I don't know what my Gratitude may bring me to, — but I am resolv'd, if ever I do play the Fool, I'll have something to shew for it besides a great Belly.

Ow. Pox on 'em all — I shall not compass one out of the whole Family — agad i'll e'en go back to *Molly*, and make sure of her, if possible — or I may be in danger of dying half a Maid yet — for the Devil take me if I have not a shrewd Suspicion that in all my Amours — I never yet thoroughly knew what a Woman was — I fancy it often happens so among us fine Gentlemen.

A I R 50.

The idle Beau of Pleasure

Oft boasts a false Amour,

As breaking Cit his Treasure,

Most gaudy when most poor.

But the rich Miser hides the Stores he does amass,
And the true Lover still conceals his happy Lass.

SCENE XII. Puz. Rob. John.

Puz. I will have Satisfaction — speak to me Master *John* of any thing, but Satisfaction — I will box him, I will shew him that I was not bred at *Oxford* for nothing — Splutter, my Head is good for something else besides Preaching — [Buts at him.]

Rob. You would have arm'd my head better for butting, I thank you.

Puz.

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Puz. You are a lying Rascal, and a Liar in you Teeth.—

Rob. You are a Liar in your Tongue, Doctor, and that's worse.

Puz. The Lie to me! Sirrah, I will cut your Brains out, if you have any Brains. Let me go *John*—let me go—

Rob. Let him come, I warrant he goes back again faster than he came.

Puz. S'bud, S'bud, S'bud.

John. Fie, Doctor, be not in such a Passion, consider who you are ——— you must forgive.

Puz. I will not forgive. ——— Forgiveness is sometimes a Sin ——— Ay, and a damn'd Sin--- No, I will not forgive him, ——— Sirrah, I will make such an Example of you as shall deter all such Vagabonds for the future how they affront the Church.

AIR 51. (Buff-coat.)

*In Spiritual Court,
I'll shew you such Sport,
Shall make you your own Folly curse, Sir.*

Rob. *But you shall be bit,
For I'll stand in the Sheet,
And keep you from handling my Purse, Sir.*

Puz. *In this you'll be sham'd,
In the other World dam'd;
Here a Priest, there a Devil, you'll find, Sir.*

Rob. *I shall know then if Priest
Or Devil be best,
At the Art of tormenting Mankind, Sir.*

Puz. *Let me go John, --- I will --- Splutter*

S C E N E XIII.

*Sir Owen, Lady, Robert, Will. John, Susan, Sweet.
Margery.*

Lady. Hey-day; what's the meaning o f this ---
Mr. Puzzletext, you are not mad I hope. ———

Puz. Splutter, my Lady, but I am --- I have been abus'd ——— I have be n beaten. ———

H 2

Lady.

Lady. It cannot be by *Robin*, I am sure he is peaceably enough inclin'd.

Will. He'll not strike a Blow unless he's forc'd to it ——— I warrant him.

Puz. Yes, it is by *Robin*, he hath abus'd me for writing to his Mistress, when I have not had a Pen in my Hand, save for half a Sermon, these six Months ———

Will. Sure Letters run strangely in his Head — he hath quarrel'd with me once to Day, and now he hath quarrel'd with Mr. *Puzzletext* for writing to his Mistress: He knows his own Demerits, and therefore is jealous of every Man he sees for a Rival.

Rob. I have not so bad an Opinion of my self, as to be jealous of you, however sensible you may be of your own Merits.

Lady. Let us have no Quarrelling here pray—— I thought you had had more Sense than to quarrel with the Church. ———

Will. Master may keep you if he pleases ——— when he knows you are a Rogue — but I'll a to your Stealing the two Silver Spoons.

Sweet. You have reason to talk, good Mr. *William*; I'll swear to your having rob'd one of the Coaches of the Curtains, to make your self a Wastecoat; and of having stole a pair of Buckles out of the Harness, and sold them to Mr. *Owen*, to wear them in his Shoes. —

Sus. If you come to that, Madam ——— who stole a short silk Apron from my Lady, and a new flannel Petticoat, which you have on at this Moment?

John. Not so fast, good *Susan* sauce-box ——— who baisted away dozens of Butter more than she had need, that she may sell the Grease? Who brings in false Bills of Fare, and puts the forg'd Articles in her own Pocket? ——— Who wants Wine and Brandy for Sauces, and Sweetmeats, and drinks it herself.

Will. And who wants strong Beer for his Horses, which he drinks himself, ———

Marg.

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Marg. I think you should forget that, least you should be put in mind of the same Practice with the Coach Horses——

Suf. I suppose when you remember that, you don't forget taking a Dram from her Ladyship's Bottle every time you make the Bed.

Lady. I can excuse you there, *Margery*, for I keep all my Bottles under Lock and Key.

Suf. But I suppose your Ladyship will not excuse her from that which I will take my Oath she hath now in her Pocket.

Lady. Very fine indeed?

Puz. Verily I am concern'd to find my Sermons have had no better effect on you, I think it is a difficult matter to determine which deserves to be punish'd most; and if *Robin* the Butler hath cheated more than other People, I see no other Reason for it—— but because he hath had more opportunity to cheat.

Rob. Well said Parson, — once in thy Life thou hast spoken Truth —

Will. We are none of us so bad as *Robin*, for—— there's cheating in his very Name — *Robin* is as much as to say *Robbing*——

Puz. That is none of the best puns, Master *Will*.

Rob. Well said Parson again.——

AIR 52. (Ye Madcaps of England,)

In this little Family plainly we find

A little Epitome of human kind;

Where down from the Beggar up to the great Man,

Each Gentleman cheats you no more than he can.

Sing Tantara, ra, ra, Boys all, Boys all,

Sing Tantara, ra, ra, Boys all.

Lady. And have I been raking and rending, and scraping, and scratching, and sweating, to be plunder'd by my Servants?——

Sir Ow. Why truly my dear, if you had any Family to provide for, you would have some excuse for saving, to save Fortunes for your younger Children — but as we have but one Son to provide for

for, and he not much worth providing for ———
 e'en let the Servants keep what they have stolen,
 and much good may it do them. ———

Lady. This is such notorious Extravagance.

Omnes. Heavens bless your good Honour!

AIR 53. (My Name is old Hewson.)

Rob. I once, as your Butler, did cheat you,
 For my self I will set up now;
 If you come to my House, I will treat you
 With a Pig of your own fat Sow.

Sweet. I once did your Ladyship chouse,
 And rob you of Trinkets good Store;
 But when I am gone from your House
 I promise to cheat you no more. —

Will. Your Lining, I own like a Blockhead,
 I stole to my utter Reproach;
 But you will be many in Pocket,
 If you sell off your Horses and Coach. —

Suf. My Rogueries all are confest,
 And for a new Maid you may look;
 For where there's no Meat to be dress'd,
 There is little need of a Cook.

Chorus. And so we all give you Warning,
 And give you a Month's Wages too,
 We all go off to-morrow Morning,
 And may better Servants ensue.

SCENE XIV.

To them Owen and Molly.

Both. Your Blessing, Sir,

Both Parents. How!

Both Children. We are your Son and Daughter.

Owen, My Son marry'd to the Daughter of a
 Tenant!

Oh! Sir, she is your Tenant's Daughter, but
 worthy of a Crown.

AIR 54. (Fond Eccho.)

Oh! think not the Maid whom you scorn
 With Riches delighted can be,

Had I a great Princess been born

My Owen had dear been to me.

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On others your Treasure bestow,
Give Owen alone to these Arms;
In Grandeur and Wealth we find Woe,
But in Love there is nothing but Charms.
In Title and Wealth what is lost
In Tenderness oft is repaid,
Too much a great Fortune may cost,
Well purchas'd may be the poor Maid.
While Fancy's faint Dreams cheat the Great,
We Pleasure will equally prove;
While they in their Palaces hate,
We in our poor Cottage may love.

Sir Owen. She sings delightfully, that's the Truth on't. —

Owen. T'other Son — T'other Song — ply him with Songs, till he forgives us.

AIR 55. (Patty's Mill.)

Molly. If I too high aspire
'Tis Love that plumes my Wing,
Love makes the Clown a Squire,
Would make the Squire a King.
What Maid that Owen spies
From Love can e'er be free?
Love in his lac'd Coat lies,
And peeps from his Toupet.

Sir Owen. I can hold out no longer.

Lady. Nor I, let me see you embrace one another, and then I'll embrace you both.

AIR 56. (Caro Vien.)

Molly. With Joy my Heart's o'erflowing,

Owen. With Joy my Heart's jolly;

Molly. Oh! my dearest sweet Owen,

Owen. Oh! my charming Molly.

Since I am happy my self, I will make others so — These Letters, Robin, which caus'd all the Jealousy between you and Sweetissa, I wrote out of a Frolick.

Rob. Ha! and did I suspect Sweetissa falsely?

Sweet. And did I suspect my Robin?

Rob. Oh! my Sweetissa, my Sweet.

Sweet.

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Sweet. Oh! my Robin, my Bob—

Rob. This Hour shall make us one— Doctor lead to Church.—

Will. What say'st thou, *Susan*, shall we follow our Leaders?

Sus. Why faith? I am generally frank you know, and speak my Mind; I say yes.

John. And thou, *Margery*.

Mar. I do not say no.—

Puz. I am ready to do you Business when-ever you please.

Owen. Look'ee! as I have married first, I desire my Wedding may be celebrated first, at least with one Dance, for which I have prepared the Fiddles.

Puz. And for which I have prepared my Fiddle too; for I am always in *utrumque paratus*.

Owen. This Day shall be a Day of Hospitality, I am resolv'd.

Lady. And I am resolv'd not to see it, and would advise you not to be extravagant in it.

[A Dance here.

AIR 57 (Little Jack Horner.)

Puzzle. Thus Couples united,

Ever delighted,

May ye ne'er disagree;

Men. First we'll be fed,

Women. Then we'll to Bed,

Omnes What happy Rogues are we.

Chorus. Couples united,

Ever delighted,

May we ne'er disagree;

First we'll be fed,

Then we'll to Bed,

What happy Rogues are we.

F I N I S.